# The Evening World.

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## MUST IT ALWAYS BE: KEEP OFF?

TOO LITTLE green grass and too much hard, beaten dirt—is Park Commissioner Ward's criticism of the city's parks. He is right and it is a good time of year to call attention to the defect.

**"Most of our parks," he declares, "especially the downtown ones, are barren wastes. There isn't a strip of verdure below Fourteenth street except a small bit in Hudson Park. We have obliterated our parks for every one except those between the ages of five and eight. Mothers and babies need some verdant plots."**

Playgrounds and gymnasium areas are fine things worthy of all encouragement. But they are not parks and can never take the place of parks. Dirt should never be allowed to encroach on green grass merely because the former needs less care.

And speaking of green grass, isn't it about time for this city to find out from expert advice and experiment whether it can ever hope to have in its parks solid, substantial turf that will bear honest wear from pavement-blistered feet and weary backs? Could a force of Scotch gardeners lay a foundation for tough park lawns that would become more durable with every decade? Or does the climate of New York forever rule out the hardy sod of Britain?

Our present pitiful, half-hearted method of scratching the ground every year or two, sowing grass seed for the sparrows to peck at and then shooing off the public from the forlorn result, leads nowhere at all.

Can we never have green grass in the parks that will say "Come On" rather than "Keep Off"?

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**The man who tries to sit between two stools is always sure it can be done until he hits the floor. Ask the Governor.**

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## CAN WE UNDO THE MISCHIEF?

"THE college girl is inaccurate," says the adviser to women at Cornell University. "About one in one hundred knows how to report accurately what she has observed."

Harvard graduates fail to get down to business. Harvard undergraduates can't write a correct letter. College men generally are duffers at putting ideas in plain English. New York school teachers break all rules of grammar when they take pen in hand to demand their pay. New York high school students fall down fifty-six ways on the spelling of "isosceles." Every twenty-four hours brings some fresh evidence of the handicap of schooling.

Why doesn't somebody write a manual on: "How to Succeed Though Educated?

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**Six thousand five hundred tons of bad food were destroyed in this city last year.—News item.**

**And how many thousand tons of good food were wasted to tickle the palates of habitual over-eaters who didn't need it?**

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## MORE MILLIONS FOR THE BRIDGES.

A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS' worth of bridges across the East River—the oldest opened only thirty years, the latest barely finished—and already we must tinker up the lot to bear the heavier burdens we mean to put upon them!

Bridge Commissioner Kracke figures it will cost $15,000,000 to strengthen the bridges for subway trains. That the Williamsburg Bridge may carry the ten-car trains to be operated over the Centre street loop $1,000,000 is being spent on its main trusses; $2,400,000 are needed at the outset to fit the Queensboro Bridge for subway traffic from the B. R. T. Broadway line and for the elevated trains of the Interboro from the Second avenue line to Astoria and Flushing; $1,000,000 extra must be laid out on Manhattan Bridge to make it ready for trains from the Loop subway. And when these three bridges are ready to take their full share of the load, millions more must be spent to double deck the Brooklyn Bridge—a job that will take from four to eight years.

The city has never yet got its money's worth out of the newer bridges. A few years ago three-cent trolley lines with cross-borough extensions used to be urged as a means of giving the public greater benefits from these costly structures.

Already such plans seem paltry. Ten-car trains and yet vaster visions of transit convenience are necessary to call attention to the bridges. The only way to interest New Yorkers in what they have built and paid for is to show them how to spend still more on it.

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**The man who thinks there are any more fools than usual to-day is only more self-conscious.**

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## Letters From the People

**School Fire Drills.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read with interest your views on fire drills as a guard against loss of life during fire. I would like to call attention to the fact that I have been informed of one public school where there has been no fire drill for about three months at least. My children (I have three) have gone to that school during that time and say they have never had fire drill. I was under the impression that fire drill was compulsory once a month. P. A.

**Too Old?**

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would like to know if parents among your readers consider a girl of sixteen too old to be spanked by her mother when she disobeys. Our eldest daughter is a little over sixteen and sometimes when she is very unruly I administer a sound spanking. Her father, however, objects to her being punished in this manner. He says she is too old to be spanked and that I ought to find some other way to punish her when she disobeys. I wish readers would give me their opinions about it, as I would like to know whether I am right or wrong.

MRS. M.

**The Length of the Pole.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Replying to "G. H. P." of "What is the length of a broken pole, if the distance from the butt of the pole to the tip, where it touches the ground, is 24 feet?" If we apply the formula to find the diagonal of a square, one side being given as the diagonal of a square is the hypothenuse of a right triangle, whose legs are the sides of the square. Let D'=S'+S'=2S'D=the square root of 2S'=S. The square root of 2 =1.41×24D=33.84. To find the other side, we subtract the square of the known side from the square of the hypothenuse, and extract the root of the remainder, hence the rule. Let X = the unknown side. X = the square root of H'—S'33.84'=1145.1456—24'=the square root of 569.1456=23.85×24=47.85, which is the total length of the pole. R. RIZZO.

Bull's Head, S. I., N. Y.

## Can You Beat It?



By Maurice Ketten


## April Fool's Day And Its Origin

YES, this is April Fool's Day, the sacred occasion when a few pests drag forth from storage all the dreary old wheezes about "calling up the aquarium and asking for Mr. Fish," or donating candy that is upholstered with cotton wood or red pepper, and in similar merry ways pile up overtime work for the foolkiller.

Does anybody suppose April Fool jokes are American in their origin? Well, they aren't. They were played in Europe before America was discovered. Yes, and they were played in the Orient when Europe was still a wilderness.

The first people to observe a "festival of fools" were the Hindus, among whom the Feast of Huli (corresponding to "All Fools' Day" of the Occident) has been celebrated from time immemorial. Sending innocents on absurd and impossible errands is the favorite diversion of the practical jokers of India, and it has since been adopted in America and Europe. Ancient Rome had a feast of fools called Festa Stultorum, but this was observed in February. Scores of theories have been advanced regarding the origin of the April Fool festival which will be generally celebrated to-day throughout the world.

Germans say that the first of April was chosen for All Fools' Day because "April weather doth make fools of us all." The Scotch were probably the first modern Europeans to observe generally the day, and in Scotland a victim of the practical jokers is called an "April gowk," the latter word being a synonym for cuckoo. Futile errands were called "hunting the gowk." In France and Italy the victim of first of April jokes is called an "April fish." The newspapers of Italy are much given to hoaxing their readers on the first of April, and many remarkable stories about things that never happened are published on that day, to be denied the next.

Fate played the greatest of April Fool jokes on France a little less than a century ago when on April 1 Bismarck was born.

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

A man of few words also may have a minimum of thoughts.—Toledo Blade.

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Don't be prejudiced against the man who wears a wide braid in his eyeglasses or a feather in the band of his hat. The chances are he is more sensible than he looks.—New Orleans States.

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The man who bottles his wrath is a corker.

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A man of accomplishments isn't necessarily a man of deeds.

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The street car conductor is the great promoter. He is always saying to people, "Please step forward."—Deseret News.

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Indigestion is responsible for a multitude of family quarrels.—Macon Telegraph.

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Some idlers make the mistake of thinking the Lord will provide the patches when the seat of their trousers needs repairs.—Toledo Blade.

## Some Historic Word Pictures

*Examples of Descriptive Power by Great Authors.*

### NO. 21.—THE FIGHT WITH A CANNON, by Victor Hugo.

THE cannon was rushing back and forth on the deck. It went on in its destructive work. It had already shattered four other guns of stone at the foot of the steps. He cast a stern glance over the scene of devastation. It seemed impossible to take a step forward.

Suddenly in the midst of this, unaccessible where the escaped cannon was leaping, a man was seen to appear with an iron bar in his hand. He was the author of the catastrophe, the captain of the gun, guilty of criminal carelessness, the cause of the accident. Having done the mischief he was anxious to repair it. He had seized the iron bar with one hand, a tiller rope with a slip noose in the other and jumped down the hatchway to the gun deck.

Then began an awful sight—a Titanic scene—the contest between gun and gunner, the battle of matter and intelligence, a duel between man and the inanimate.

Some chance rocking of the sea caused the cannon to remain for an instant motionless. Suddenly it leaped toward the man. The man dodged the blow, the battle began.

Occasionally it was the man who attacked the cannon. He would creep along the side of the vessel, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon as if suspecting some snare would flee away. The man, bent on victory, pursued it.

Such things cannot long continue. The cannon seemed to say to itself all of a sudden, "Come now, make an end of it." It made a sudden quick dash at the gunner. The gunner sprang out of the way, let it pass by and cried out to it with a laugh, "try it again." The cannon, as if enraged, smashed a carronade on the port side, then it was hurled to the starboard side at the man, who made his escape. Three carronades gave way under the blows of the cannon. The man took refuge at the foot of the steps, not far from the old man who was looking on. The gunner held his iron bar in rest. The cannon seemed to notice it and without taking the trouble to turn around, slid back on the man, swift as the blow of an axe. The man, driven against the side of the ship, was lost. The crew cried out with horror.

But the old passenger, till this moment motionless, darted forth more quickly than any of this wildly swift rapidity. He seized a package of counterfeit assignats and at the risk of being crushed succeeded in throwing it between the wheels of the carronade.

The package had the effect of a clog. The carronade stumbled; the gunner taking advantage of this critical opportunity plunged his bar between the spokes of one of the iron wheels; the cannon stopped. He leaned forward. The man using the bar as a lever held it in equilibrium. The heavy mass was overthrown; the man passed the slipnoose round the neck of the subdued monster.

It was ended; the man had conquered.

The gunner saluted the passenger.

"Sir," he said, "you have saved my life."

The old man had resumed his passive attitude and made no reply.

The Chevalier de la Vieuville had drawn up the marines in line on both sides of the mainmast and at the sound of the boatswain's whistle the sailors formed in line, standing on the yards. The Count de Boisberthelot approached the passenger. Behind the captain walked a man haggard and out of breath, his dress disordered, but still with a look of satisfaction on his face. It was the gunner.

The count gave the military salute to the old man in peasant's dress and said to him, "General, there is the man."

The gunner remained standing with downcast eyes.

The old man looked at him. "Come forward," he said. The old man turned toward the Count de Boisberthelot, took off the iron of St. Louis from the captain's coat and fastened it in the gunner's jacket.

"Hurrah," cried the sailors.

The marines presented arms. And the old passenger, pointing to the dazzled gunner, added:

"Now have this man shot."

Then in the midst of a deathlike stillness the old man raised his voice and said:

"Carelessness has compromised this vessel. At this very hour it is perhaps lost. To be at sea is to be in front of the enemy. A ship making a voyage is an army making war. The tempest is concealed but it is at hand. Death is the penalty of any misdemeanor committed in the face of the enemy. No fault is reparable. Courage should be rewarded and negligence punished. Let it be done."

The man on whose jacket hung the shining cross of St. Louis bowed his head. A few moments later a light flashed, a report sounded through the darkness, then all was still; and the sound of a body falling into the sea was heard.

## Movies a la Mode

*By Alma Woodward*



### Bread!

SCENE 1 (a window).—Discovered, Mrs. B. gazing anxiously into street. Calls. Calls again. Beckons imperatively. Beckons more imperatively. Cut to:

Scene 2 (the street).—Discovered, object of beckoning (Willie, age nine). Gazes up at window. Looks inquiringly. Indicates inability to hear clearly. Finding he can't bluff Ma, Willie draws nearer. Kicks off toes of shoes against curb en route. Gazes up. SCREEN: "Come upstairs. I want to send you for something." Willie registers disgust and more antipathy to toes of shoes. Calls to companions. SCREEN: "I gotta go fer sumpin'". Cut to:

Scene 3 (a hall).—Mrs. B. welcomes Willie with the usual all-comprehensive eye. Discovers more things the matter with his toilet in one hasty glance than ordinary person could with microscope. Pulls at his tie, his cap, his belt and rolls eyes at shoes. Registers censure and dismay at high cost of living. Produces handbag. Extracts nickel. SCREEN: "Go get a five-cent loaf of bread at Kikem's." Willie registers reluctance, almost rebellion. Mrs. B. threatens dire things. Willie exits. Cut to:

Scene 4 (stairway).—Discovered Willie counting up to one thousand on each step. New game. Appears Nemesis. Calls. SCREEN: "And hurry as fast as you can, Willie, because Delia is waiting to stuff the chicken with it. And it ought to be in the oven now!" Willie decides to count only to five hundred on each step. Cut to:

Scene 5 (same as scene 2).—Trio of satellites awaits our hero. All hang on his neck. He displays nickel. Registers antipathy to errand. They volunteer escort. Bunch moves slowly up street. In progress of forty feet nickel is dropped seven times. Cut to:

Scene 6 (the bakery).—Onslaught of small boy in bulk rattles clerk. Cookie pan watched. Our crowd registers heartsick appreciation of white icing and doughnuts. Willie demands: SCREEN: "One loaf uv san'tary bread with paper 'round it." Nickel handed over. Ensemble work inexciting. Cut to:

Scene 7 (street).—Headed in right direction, all seems plain sailing. Appears Heinie, classmate, who earns money delivering for butcher. Heinie bears basket containing biggest turkey ever grown. Calls attention to it. Turkey poked with admiring fingers. Heinie makes suggestion. SCREEN: "Come on, fellers, help me d'liver it. Some fresh guy might cop it off'n me. Cut to:

Scene 8 (street).—Escorted turkey comes to grief. Warring faction gets in fine work from behind. Turkey makes acquaintance of sidewalk, also sanitary loaf. Short, hot skirmish, ending in victory for turkey brigade. Heinie re-ensconces bird in basket. Our hero resumes tattered and decidedly unsanitary loaf. Registers call of conscience. Communicates call to satellites. Start on dead run for home plate. Cut to:

Scene 9 (same as scene 1).—Discovered Mrs. B. Business of "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-Night" sans pathos. Suddenly registers grim satisfaction at sight of advancing company. Cut to:

Scene 10 (door of apartment).—Discovered Mrs. B. "watching and waiting." Our hero presents loaf on which last rose of summer has nothing. (What resulted must be heard to be appreciated!)

PASSED BY BOARD OF CENSORSHIP.

## Little Causes Of Big Wars

By Albert Payson Terhune.



### 67—A Joke That Led to a War of Invasion and a King's Death.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR lay sick at Rouen. Philip, King of France, made a rather poor joke about him. As a result a bloody war followed—a war that ended in the "Conqueror's" strange death. Here is the story:

William, as Duke of Normandy, had crossed the Channel with a mail-clad army, had thrashed the Saxons at Hastings in the autumn of 1066, and had made himself King of England. He had spent the next few years in stamping out English revolts here and there, and then had turned his attention to waging war on certain barons in Normandy.

After which William found himself entangled in a very lively war with his own rebellious son Robert, whose mother took her son's part.

Altogether William was having a busy life. Fate and his enemies gave him little time to enjoy his new kingship of England in peace. In spite of his being constantly fretted by martial cares, he managed to eat enough for two or three ordinary men. And as a result when he began to get along in years he also began to grow very fat.

**A Fat Man's Revenge.**

Indeed, his once muscular figure became enormous and unwieldy. So stout did he grow that people began to laugh. But never in his presence. It was seldom safe to laugh at William. And he was horribly sensitive about his increasing flesh.

Then while he was on a raiding expedition in Normandy in 1087 word came that the King of France laid claim to the district of Vexin, a strip of "debatable ground" that lay on the French-Norman frontier.

William was in his sixtieth year. He was tired of conflict. Also he was sick from over-eating. It seemed easier to arrange this boundary dispute by diplomacy than to go to war with so powerful a foe as Philip of France. So from his sick-bed at Rouen he opened negotiations with King Philip. All went well, and the affair promised to reach a peaceful settlement.

Then it was that Philip tried his hand at humor. To a group of courtiers and in the presence of King William's ambassador he said:

"My royal neighbor, William, has grown so fat that it tests the endurance of one's legs to walk around him." Not a wildly funny joke, but one with far-reaching effects.

The English ambassador repeated the joke to William at Rouen. William sprang out of bed, yelling for his armor, and sent twenty couriers scurrying in every direction to assemble his army. He went into a crazy rage that made him forget his illness. The peace negotiations were broken off then and there.

William, at the head of a hastily collected army, invaded the Vexin district, conquering, slaughtering, burning. He outgeneralled the French leaders and defeated their armies. He laid waste the whole surrounding country.

The city of Mantes held out against him. William stormed Mantes and, according to his custom, destroyed it by fire. The next day as he rode in fierce triumph through the smoking ruins his horse stepped on a smouldering ember.

**A Strange Accident.**

The horse, stung by the pain in its unshod hoof, plunged violently forward. William was thrown against the high saddle pommel. From the effects of this terrific impact he never recovered. The blow caused internal injuries from which six weeks later he died.

Thus, perhaps, were avenged some of the many thousand people whose homes and cities he had from time to time burned to the ground.

## REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL.

By HELEN ROWLAND.



MANY a coat of rags hides an honest heart, but no coat of paint ever hid an honest wrinkle.

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A young girl fancies that in order to be fascinating she must continually sparkle and scintillate, but a widow knows that after a hard day's work any man prefers a lullaby to fireworks.

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It's a wise girl who prefers losing an argument to losing a sweetheart.

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Any woman can get along without a husband nowadays; it's getting along WITH one that is the real test of character.

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The reason a man so often proposes marriage to a fool is because he can't think of any other way to pass the time while in her company.

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A man's idea of a "competent wife" is one who can serve a pate de fois gras menu on a chipped beef income, fry a cold storage fowl into a bird of Paradise and transform an old market basket into a new spring hat.

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Somehow his father's inability to boss his mother never discourages a young man's fond hopes that he will twist the girl he marries around his little finger; it merely inspires him to try.

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The easiest way to make a small boy take medicine is to forbid him to touch it, and the most effective way to make a man talk love is to forbid him to speak of it.

## The May Manton Fashions

Pattern No. 8231—Fancy Blouse, 34 to 42 Bust.

SOFT, full waists are the prevailing ones of the season. This one is charming made of the figured net and brocaded silk illustrated, but it also can be utilized for crepe de chine, for the pretty cotton voiles and marquisettes and for all the materials that are thin and soft enough to be made full. For the trimming, a contrasting fabric will be needed, but contrast can be found in plain color as well as in brocade and the like. This blouse is adapted to the occasions of dress.

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Pattern No. 8231 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure.

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